

The Souvenir Bayonet

1909



The Souvenir Bayonet

Volume IV
Number 8
May, 1909



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GREETING

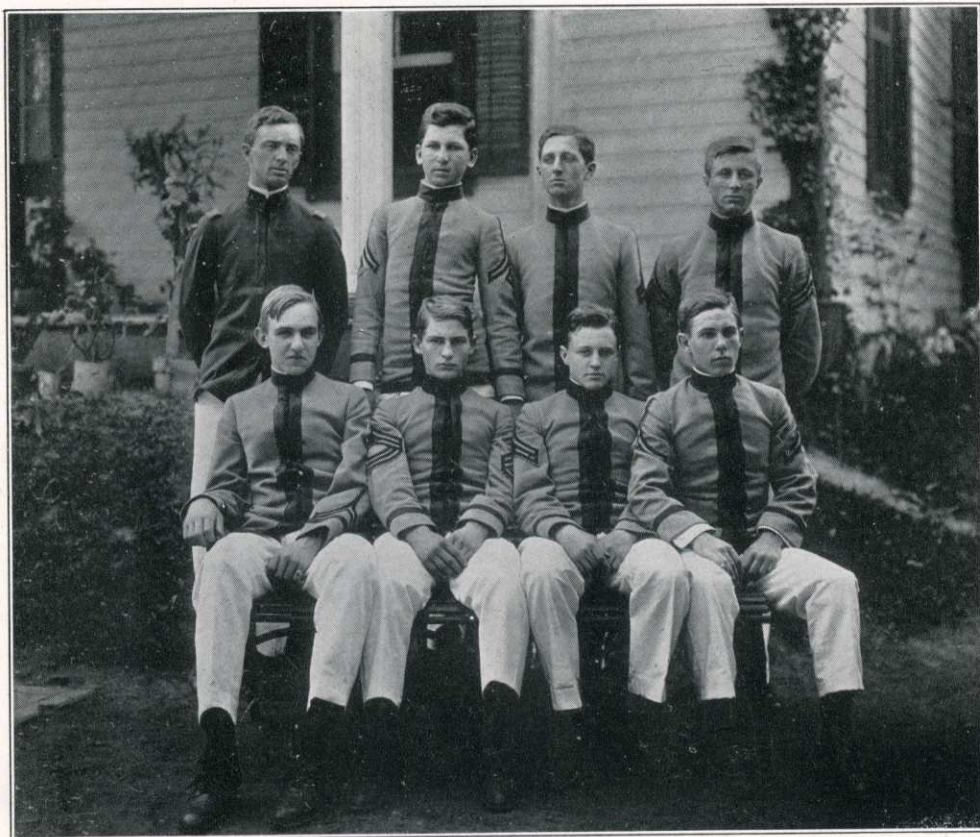


LOW, bugle, blow,

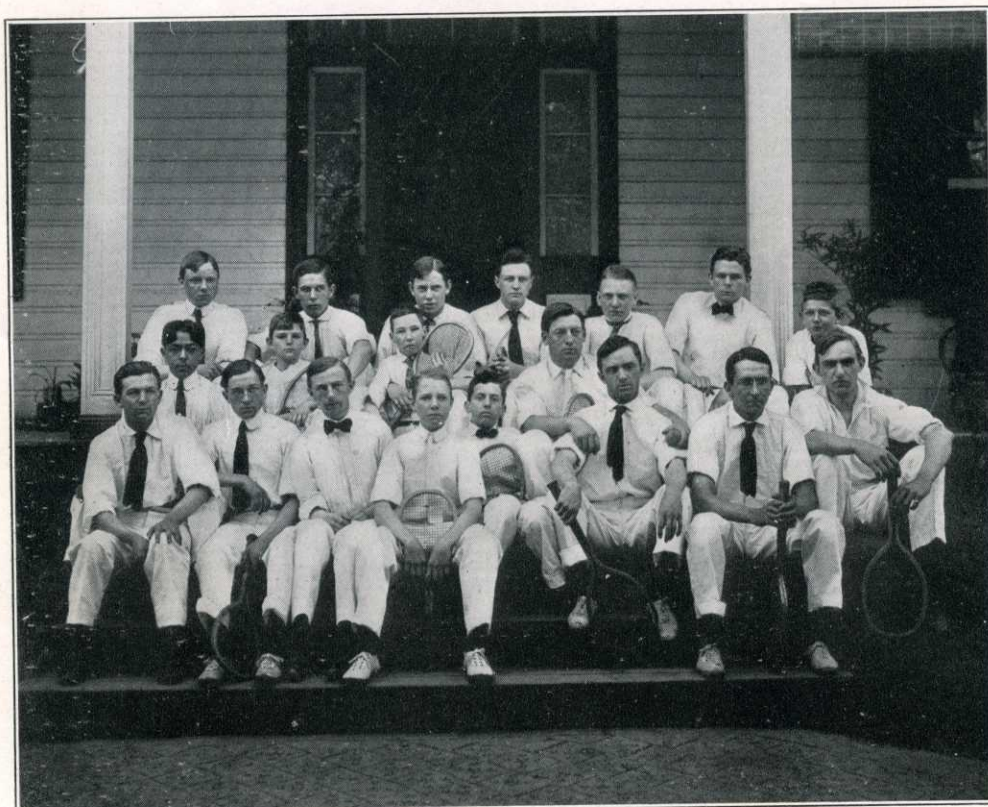
Blow for now dawns the day of parting;
Blow for our book is on its journey starting,
Bear to each waiting friend, with heartiest
greeting,

Our record of the year so swiftly fleeting;
Its hopes, achievements, laughter—and its tears,
Blow, and thy blast shall linger down the years.
Blow, bugle, blow.

—*Selected.*



"BAYONET" STAFF



TENNIS CLUB

A. M. A. BAYONET

"AD ASTRA PER ASPERA"

Vol. IV

May, 1909

No. 8

BAYONET STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Chas. J. Churchman

BUSINESS MANAGER

H. A. Sawyer

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER

B. B. Clarkson

ATHLETIC

C. E. Smith

T. A. Nalle

PERSONAL

R. J. Howard

ALUMNI

J. N. Van Devanter, Jr.

FACULTY

Capt. A. M. Withers

Editorial

The Bayonet



ANOTHER page has now been added in the annals of this institution and another volume of the BAYONET has been produced. We have tried to make it worth reading and a worthy representative of the literary talent of our school. It is a certain fact that it cost work to get it out and, fellows, we are sorry to say it, but the heaviest of the burden, in fact, nearly all of it, rested upon the shoulders of the editorial staff; and again the workers must be separated from the drones here and the ones who really do the work are reduced to a very low number. We don't mean to say that the others did nothing, that would be a mistake, they probably did what they thought was their duty but the working force was really reduced to a very few on the staff. We were grateful for anything that was done to help us and are not "sour" on the school or on anybody. We have tried our best to get out a respectable paper and think that if you take the trouble to look over

them this volume is by no means inferior to the others. The personals may have been sharp at times, but, fellows, you must take them in the spirit that they are written, and no offence is meant. This is the wrong time of the year to be offending anybody. We want to leave here with no grudge against anyone and with friendly relations existing among us all. We have spent, it is to be hoped, a profitable year, if not it is now too late to recall it, and all that is left for us to do is to get the most out of the rest of it that we can. We have formed many near and dear friendships that we hope will stand the test of time and survive warm and lasting to always be a pleasure and help to us all through life. We are getting away from the subject of this editorial and yet we are not either for the BAYONET is published for the good of the cadets here, our classmates, and therefore whatever pertains to their good and pleasure is entirely applicable in this editorial.

We have probably made mistakes, but you must remember that we were inexperienced and have done our best. The BAYONET extends to all its friends, its warmest friendship, and best wishes for a happy and useful life on this earth, and glory and immortality in the life to come.



The Monument to Col. Chas. S. Roller, Sr.

WE REGRET very much indeed to learn from the Memorial Committee that the monument which is to be erected by the Alumni, to Col. C. S. Roller, Sr., founder and until his death principal of this institution, cannot be gotten ready by this Finals. It was hoped that it would be possible to have the monument ready for unveiling at this Finals and the memorial exercises were to have been a part of our commencement exercises. The Committee, however, had such a heavy task upon them in writing to all the Alumni and soliciting funds from them that the order must have been gotten in too late; anyway the authorities of the quarry have been unable to get out the stone as early as they had hoped to. Therefore, the memorial exercises and the unveiling will have to be postponed and will probably occur next Fall pretty early in the season. This is a source of great regret to us but it is just one of those occurrences that cannot be avoided. The Committee deserves a great deal of credit for their perseverance and untiring energy in this noble undertaking and we hope that next year, although a great number

of us, sad to say, will not be back here, the undertaking will see a glorious culmination and the monument and memorial exercises be a complete success in every way.



FELLOWS, since we all entered this school last September we have become as a band of brothers, surprise has become stale and wonders have ceased to thrill. Some of us will probably never see each other again, while some will meet again in some of our great universities or other institutions.

Whether officer or private in the rear rank this motto must be our pillar of fire by day and our star by night: "To the stars through difficulties." Men of old A. M. A., classmates of the old Academy, in whatever clime we may serve, whatever laurels or prizes of life may fall to our lot, let us remember the inspiration which has been our guiding star, "to the stars through difficulties," and returning some day let us lay them all at the feet of our *Alma Mater*.

"W."



An Appreciation

ON BEHALF of the entire corps, and particularly the baseball team, we wish to thank Mr. C. B. Collingwood, the father of our popular first baseman, for his treat to the baseball team on the evening of the seventeenth. We had just beaten Kable's, playing "all around" them, and breaking the tie, when the treat came—in the shape of a splendid supper at the Beverley Hotel. We think we have never heard of a nicer or more whole-souled act of generosity and good will, and we appreciate it more than we can say. We are all willing to swear that Mr. Collingwood is one of the "best fellows" we have ever known, and we wish him long life, prosperity and happiness.



The Newspaper

THERE may be some that think we are handling a topic vastly too deep for our feeble powers when we undertake to deal with this great organ whether in works of "smooth adulation" or whether "satire be our song." We will not question the importance nor debate the good and evils of newspapers, there is no doubt about their being a blessing to the world. We believe, however, that a news item should

be written for the purpose of spreading the news, that it should be written correctly and with justice to all parties concerned. We have noticed it most particularly in the Staunton papers, perhaps because we have had more opportunities of seeing the papers of that city than of any other, and especially the *Dispatch and News*, that, in regard to any write-up all laurels go to S. M. A. whether they win or not. We do not know whether this paper has any especial interest in S. M. A. or not, but from the tone of some of the accounts of their athletic contests it would seem that they were bound by many near and dear ties. Of course the write-up of a game does not make any material difference yet just because S. M. A. lost is no reason why they should get the whole account written in their favor. It is no more than justice to give a good account of a game regardless of which side won whether the favorites or others. It is very common to make mistakes and they are excusable, but when the mistakes are always along the same lines, they begin to assume a severer aspect than mistakes generally assume. This season is now over, but we hope that next year this paper especially can see its way clear, to give us, not an account tinged with partiality, but just a plain, correct one if nothing more.

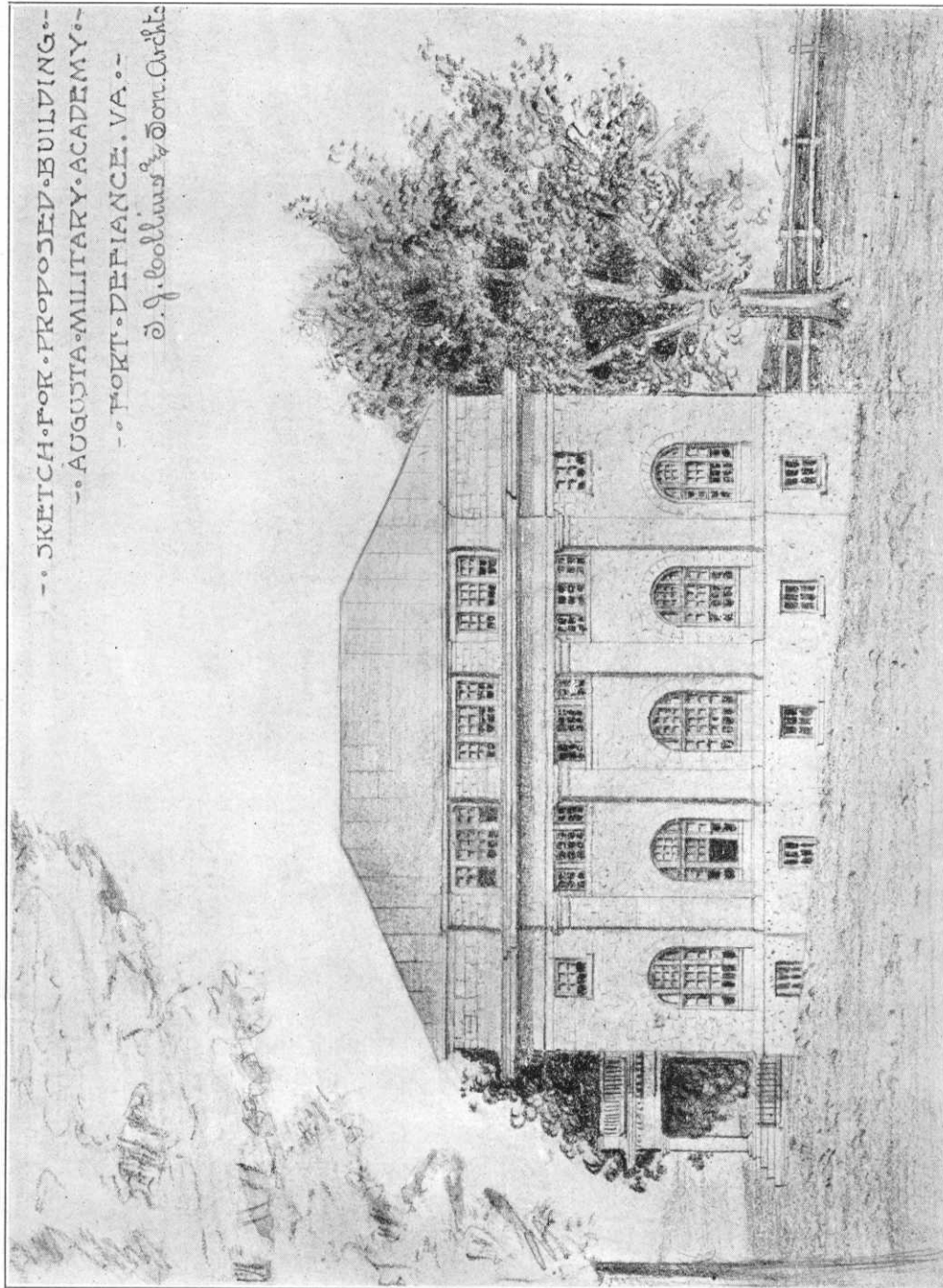


THE BAYONET staff for the school year of '08-'09 was the best we have had for several years. Churchman, as Editor-in-chief, filled that place admirably and his direction and that of Captain Withers, Faculty Editor, have made the BAYONET for this year better than all previous ones. Smith and Nalle, Athletic Editors, did splendidly and what they wrote up was very well done. Howard, Personal Editor, managed to keep the personal column going, and drew much favorable comment besides with his stories and essays. Van Devanter, Alumni, did very well with what he handed in. The corps would have liked to hear more of the alumni than they did, but Van Devanter filled the place all right. Sawyer and Clarkson made fine Business Editors. Sawyer says he has the writers cramp while Clarkson can spit glue from licking wrappers. Captain Withers, Faculty, helped the staff out a great deal and was always ready to give his advice to the staff. Without him the staff would have been unable to accomplish what it did. This year's editors wish the next year's editors all sorts of good luck in their work and hope that they will keep the BAYONET up to the same standard as their predecessors, or better still, raise that standard higher.

“W”

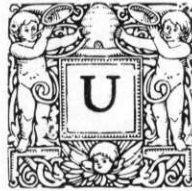
-- SKETCH FOR PROPOSED BUILDING --
-- AUGUSTA MILITARY ACADEMY --

-- FORT DEPIANCE, VA. --
O. J. Collins & Son, Architects



Biography of a Ft. Defiance Farmer

(Continued.)



UNCLE SILAS had disappeared down a man-hole in the street, into someone's coal cellar. With the assistance of several policemen I rescued Uncle Si, who was just a little the worse for wear, and once more we were off to see the sights. We went up in the elevator to one of the best restaurants in the city, we sat down at the table and ordered our dinner. Uncle Si said he wanted to see the kitchen so he could offer some suggestions to Mirandy when he got home. I told him the kitchen was down in the basement and all the food was brought up in a dumb waiter. Up he jumped and wanted a deaf and dumb waiter, he said that they did not have any waiters at the Fort Defiance restaurants like that. When he found out that the dumb waiter was nothing more than a small elevator, he wanted to see it work, so he put a bucket of water on the platform and started her down. Just after he started the water down he got a bucket of water and proceeded to pour it down a speaking tube that was right beside the elevator. The head waiter yelled at Uncle Si to "cut that out." Uncle Si put the bucket down and started back to the dinner table, but before he reached there the door opened and in bounced a big nigger cook, with water streaming all over his clothes and face, armed with a rolling pin.

Uncle saw him coming just in time and with a cry of "save me!" he dived under a table. The waiters came up and got the cook, while I rescued Uncle Si from the wreck of the table. When Uncle Si poured the water down the speaking tube, he practically drowned the cook who was talking in the tube about that time.

When I hauled the table off my dear relation I found that he was sitting on the floor with a macaroni dish on his head, on one shoulder was our steak while on the other there was our mashed potatoes and last of all he held upside down in his lap our ice cream and coffee. When the waiter came with the bill it amounted to about \$150.00. We could do nothing but pay it and after Uncle got a new suit of clothes our dinner came to about \$180.00 or \$200.00. After this adventure we decided to leave for Fort Defiance the next night.

That afternoon we went to the Hippodrome, where we saw the greatest of American barn dancers, Signor J. T. Scotti.

Uncle Si was so enthused at the barn dancing that he hopped up and waved his bandanna handkerchief and shouted. After the show we took a taxicab and drove to our hotel where Uncle Si ordered ham and eggs, but when the eggs came in Uncle Si found they were so ancient that he picked up the whole dish and threw it in the waiter's face. After this affair we had to gather up our baggage and leave in great haste for fear of a damage suit. We caught the train and were soon on our way to Fort Defiance.

We arrived at the Fort the next afternoon, and who should welcome us at the station—the Mayor of Fort Defiance and the city aldermen. The Mayor's name was Holmes and some of the aldermen were W. Gratton Crawford, J. F. Walker and T. J. Roller; the cause of this reception committee was that Uncle Si was a member of that body.

After we arrived at Uncle Si's house he told us that he had had the best time of his life on his visit to the city. So after our return from New York I left for my home and after I had been home for some time I received a letter from Uncle Si and he said that the taxicab and street car system had been safely established under his direction. And there are many improvements under way and, soon, we hope, to see Fort Defiance rival Staunton.

Here endeth the 'Biography of a Fort Defiance Farmer.'

“W”



Any Here?

Many a man starting out to conquer the world considers himself great because his name is Alexander, when really he is only a “Smart Alec.”

We were about to leave at finals and Colonel was addressing us:

Colonel—We are about to part. This is more than distressing to me. Would that there was a window in my breast, my dear boys, that you could see the innermost recesses of my heart.

Gallagher—How would a pain in the stomach do, Col?

Capt. Scott, in history—Who was the mother of Robert Bruce?

Waters, T.—Mrs. Bruce, sir.

An Adventure



IT WAS in the year 1873 when I, Pierre Etienne, "sous-lieutenant" in the 9th Hussars, was called before General Dure and ordered to carry some very valuable dispatches through the Prussian lines into Paris.

He asked me how soon I would be ready to leave and I told him in about two hours. After that short space of time I reported at headquarters to receive my orders and dispatches. I was dressed as an Alsace peasant and wore the wooden sabots of the French peasant. The dispatches were rolled in two small quills and put into holes bored in the soles of the sabots. After we put the quills in we stopped up the holes with cobbler's wax.

Well, I set out and traveled all that night and the next morning I walked into a village and up to the tavern. As I started to step in I saw that the tavern was crowded with German soldiers, it was too late to turn back so I walked boldly in, bought a loaf of black bread and a stein of beer and sat down to eat it, keeping my ears open all the time for any information that might aid the French.

I had been there only a few minutes when in came a Prussian sergeant and a squad of men. The sergeant came up to me and asked me what I was doing there. I told him I had come from Alsace and was going to visit some of my relatives near Paris. This seemed to satisfy him and he walked over to a table where a number of officers were sitting and said a few words to them. One of the officers looked over in my direction and beckoned for me to come over. I went over to them and they proceeded to question me, and I told them the same story I told the sergeant.

Then after a whispered consultation they told the sergeant to take me in charge until my case could be looked into, for they thought I was a French spy.

So I was marched off to the village jail by the soldiers and thrown into a dark cell. Looking around I saw a small barred window. I went up to the window, took out my knife and dug around the bottom of the bars, and much to my joy I found that the cement crumbled beneath my knife. I worked most of the day and just before the guard made his evening inspection I plugged up the holes I had made in the window sill with some of the black bread that was sent to me for my meals. Then that night I took out the bars, tied my sabots around my neck, crawled out of the window and dropped

several feet to the ground. In my drop I landed in some bushes and for a moment I stood breathless waiting to see if any of the sentries had heard me. There was not a single sound so I slipped through a hedge that grew around the jail yard and started once more for Paris.

I walked at a rather fast rate of speed and it was about noon when I stopped to eat my frugal meal. Everything was quiet around me till all at once I heard a groan quite close at hand. Grabbing a chunk of wood I started in the direction of the sound. I parted some brushes and there lay at my feet a Prussian Uhlan officer, I knelt down beside him and asked him what I could do for him. He said nothing could be done as he was shot through the lungs. I gave him some water and made him comfortable but soon with a gasp he died.

I took his cloak, cap and sabre, and started out once more. I stopped at a farm house and bought a horse and a uniform from a wounded trooper with some money I had brought from the French camp, sewed in the lining of my coat. Things went along swimmingly for me until the next day, when I met a body of Prussian cavalry. Spurring my horse I passed by the regiment with the cry of "dispatches." Soon I heard the dry crackle of musketry and shouts of men. At first I thought it was only a skirmish, but I was soon undeceived when the boom of artillery fire reached my ears. I rode on and came suddenly on a number of horses of some cavalry troop under shelter behind a hill. As I approached an officer stepped up and told me that orders were to join the troop just over the hill and assist in the defense of that position. I went over the hill, stepped boldly up to the commanding officer and told him I was Franz Orthaus, of the Uhlan brigade. He told me to help command the left of the line and thither I went. A French battery soon found the range and opened a heavy fire on the troop. The effect of the shell fire was something awful; man after man went down before it and suddenly something struck me, all grew black and down I went.

It was quite a while before I recovered my senses and found that I lay, left for dead, on the ridge which the Prussians attempted to defend. I managed to get a pocket-flask from my coat pocket and this revived me a great deal and I was able to sit up and examine my wounds. I found that I had been hit in the shoulder and that a bullet had grazed my skull.



CADET OFFICERS

I was lucky indeed and getting up I found to my great joy that the Seine and Paris were not over a mile distant.

Grabbing a riderless horse I rode to a Prussian camp on the banks of the Seine and still impersonating an Uhlan officer I had my wounds dressed by the regimental surgeon. That night I decided to swim the Seine and enter Paris. When night began to descend at last I took my precious wooden sabots, which I had carried in my saddle bags all the time and tied them around my neck.

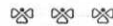
I started to descend a slight hill to the river when I was discovered by a Prussian sentinel who shot at me. I immediately ran with all speed and jumped into the river.

By this time the banks were lined with troops who kept up a steady fire at the place where I disappeared. I saw a small boat coming rapidly down the river and soon they opened fire on the troops on the bank. As she came by me I called for assistance.

They threw me a rope which I wrapped under my arms and was soon hauled on board. The ship I found to be the "Falcon" of the French Navy and I was soon on my way to the French officials in Paris.

On the delivery of my dispatches I was made captain and given the badge of the Legion d'Honneur and nothing pleases my grandchildren more to-day than to hear me tell how I brought dispatches into Paris through the whole Prussian army.

"W."



An eleven-year-old boy, living very near Chicago, had contracted a bad habit of swinging his feet while at the dinner table. One night his mother said very seriously; "Charles you must not swing your feet. Why do you?" The lad answered, "mother, I swing my feet when I feel contented and happy. It is my way of wagging my tail."

Jones—Say, Matthews what are you doing now?

Matthews—Oh, I'm in the liquor business.

Jones—What brands do you sell?

Matthews—Principally Squirrel whiskey. The kind that makes you talk nutty and want to climb trees.

In physiology—How many ribs have you Nalle?

Nalle—I don't know, sir, I am so awfully ticklish I could never count them.

1925



IT WAS a beautiful June day when I sat in my office on the 62d floor of the Chemical Building in St. Louis. As I sat silently gazing out of the windows at the smoke clouds and listened to the hum of the city below me, I wondered what my old friend "Farmer" Churchman of A. M. A., '09, was doing. Just then the door opened and the office boy brought in a letter which bore the postmark of "Brookwood, Virginia." It was from old "Farmer" and I tell you I was mighty glad to hear from him.

Brookwood, Va., June 2, 1925.

Dear Wobbie:

I received your letter some time ago and I certainly was glad to hear from you. The children are all well, thank you, and I made about \$100,000 on my wheat and potato crops last year. I suppose you have heard of the great revival meetings down here conducted by Reverend J. Tucker Cook and Bishop "Hocum" Scott. Well it certainly has caused a great religious wave all around here. It is almost an impossibility to get into the churches now. I have to close now and go out and plant some corn plasters. Write to me and tell me what some of the jolly old bunch of 1908-'09 are doing. With best wishes, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

CHARLES J. CHURCHMAN.

St. Louis Mo., June 8, 1925.

Dear Farmer:

Received yours of the 5th, glad to hear the children are well and the wheat and potatoes turned out so well. It was a great shock to me to hear that "Tuc" and Capt. Scott had entered the ministry. I never thought it of either of them. I suppose you heard about Professor Tom, well he is the manager of the Fort Defiance Automobile Taxicab Service Company and recently won a prize for making his auto climb twelve telegraph poles without injuring himself or the auto. "Old Buzzfuzz" Nalle is running a large dairy farm out near Elkwood, Virginia. He says he sells pure milk, but I found out recently that it was 50 per cent. chalk dust and 50 per cent. water. "Tom" Sawyer has certainly risen in the Navy, he is in command of the noble vessel called, "Go Deeper or Go Higher."

It is part war-ship and part air-ship; he was wrecked on his first voyage by running into the equator, but now he has a better ship. Francis Waters has become leading lady (?) in a play entitled, "Who put those moth balls in Tucker's beer?" and her (?) acting is superb. "Gollywog" has invented a new explosive called "Bust-em-up" and while building a canal near Lynchburg, he used this explosive and the consequence was he blew Lynchburg off the hills. As for "Pine Knot Jack" he became a great doctor and a detective and recently found a needle in a hay stack that contained 100,252,123,136,230,000 pieces of hay—so he says. By finding this needle he prevented "Pud" Sterrett from being convicted of cruelty to animals because Sterrett put this needle in a chair and "Himmie" Bush sat on it. Our old friend Lou Matthews, alias "Blue Jeans Libbey," was arrested at Fort Defiance by town constable, R. S. Rountree, for claiming to be a German duke in search of a Fort Defiance heiress, but on account of his superb argument, "If June bugs lie on their backs they will be unable to turn over again," he was released. Jake Easley is mayor of Fort Defiance and lives in a large mansion on Lemon street. He is still among the "byers," or purchasers in Fort Defiance and it is said he is rapidly gaining favor among the fair sex. I suppose you have seen Smith and his trained pigs and dog-fish in one of their celebrated exhibitions. They are well worth the price of admission, one cent.

"Uncle Henry" Rountree has entered the trunk and bag business and each year he makes a trip to Africa to kill alligators. Henry said he shot the largest alligator in the world just off the Cape of New Hope. Capt. E. H. Hancock is married and is president of the Valley Branch of the B. & O. and besides that is a director of the Beef Trust. "Sleepy" Mitchell has gone into the hog raising business and among the people on his farm are Stocker, Magee, Wiedman and several others of our old friends, "Sleepy" was convicted recently for making sausage out of rags and newspapers. But was released on condition that he should use shot leather hereafter instead. "Blinks" has become All-American foot-ball player and is coaching several large college teams. His teams never play Eastern College in anything except in ping-pong. "Goo-sie" Fleming is pretty far gone, so I have heard, on the subject of uniforms and catalogues. But now I think he has regained a little bit of his former senses and, etc. Notwith-

standing these facts "Goosie" is a fine fellow, and if he keeps on he will be quite an honored citizen of Georgia, and a worthy representative of old A. M. A.

Sam Routt has gone down to Texas and started cow punching. A rattlesnake bit him a short time ago and he nearly died of too much snake-bite medicine. "Lady" is now "govner" of the Old Dominion. He still enjoys the "single blessedness" and he is a fine representative of A. M. A. of '09. Then there is John K. Gunby—the cute little boy of A. M. A. He is running an onion farm combined with a hair dyeing establishment which is a great paying business. This hair dye is only made in the light red or "Sandy" color. He is also a great lady's man and is the pet of Fort Defiance society on account of his good looks. Kirkpatrick is better known as "Chief of the Night Riders." He is celebrated for his night riding stunts as well as his cat eyes. He can bluff his instructors to a standstill. His motto is: "To be a Night Rider Bold" and he has certainly come up to this point. "Pud" Sterrett our dapper (?) Senior Captain—O, what a jewel he is! His greatest fear is a girl and he figured in a case of cruelty to animals and was acquitted by the splendid argument of Lou. He is chief of police in charge of "B" Co. barrack's, and as for suppressing Night Riders he is fine. Leonard, I suppose, you know, has joined the C. A. C. and is stationed at Fortress Monroe. And if you go down there some night you will see a bright light out on the parapet, something like a lighthouse, this is old "Bun's" bald head with the moon shining on it. And he has saved many ships from running aground on account of his bald head. Capt. Arnimius C. Pole, "King of the Palace," is a very nice little boy and is guardian of Count Trixie. He is said to have broken several hearts since he has been around here. "Toad" is one of the greatest wits of the day. He was the man who invented laughing gas. His official title is "jester of mess 2," "Private rear rank, 'A.' Co.," etc. William Hall Collingwood, the boy hero, who continually is talking about "I snez." He was mistaken for a railroad spike when he first landed here, but now he is so large he can scarcely get through the door. Well, "Farmer," old boy, I must bring this little history to an end. And some day soon, I hope, we can "all join hands and give a yell for the dear old A. M. A." Best regards to everybody. By the way, I hear that you have named one of your boys "Blinks." How about it? Write soon.

Your old school-mate,

"Wobbie"

A. M. A. Alphabet

- A** is for the Alumni who always do,
Whatever they can to help us through,
Their loyalty wavers not with the lapse of time,
But rings as true and as clear as a chime.
- B** is for Bennett whose smile of pleasure,
Shows his joy to its fullest measure,
On some things "Trixie" is somewhat green
But he stands in the favor of a Fort Defiance queen.
- C** is for Carter—not of dime novel fame,
Still we call him "Nick" just the same;
He plays good baseball and better yet
He's as fine a fellow as is often met.
- D** is for Dawson from the wilds of Idaho,
Where the sun never shines, and the winds never blow,
It was in Florida, that the pile grew low
And ever since then, he is "Daycoach," you know.
- E** means the Editors who the BAYONET to write,
Sit up late and work at night,
If across any dark path it casts a ray of pleasure,
Then their work is repaid with a full measure.
- F** is for the Faculty who have always tried
To open the gates of knowledge high and wide;
Square and impartial, esteemed by us all,
We hold their worth great and their faults very small.
- G** is for Gallagher or John to us all,
Who is perfectly at home with a bat and ball;
'Twas on him we could generally depend
For he knew the game from beginning to end.
- H** is for Hastie who hails from Seattle,
The land of the west, of gold and of cattle,
Popular and good-natured, abounding in wit,
And if there's mischief—he's also in it.
- I** is for Inspection, gun inspection, you know,
And on Saturday evening it will neither rain or snow;
If we pass we are just tired when we get through,
But if you get "stuck" we are tired and more too.

J is for Jordan, of whom it is well said
He should come to school when sick, and when well stay
in bed.

He's a great mechanic, and is said to be making an air-
ship,
If he ever finishes he and "Trixie" may pay the moon
a trip.

K is for Kirkpatrick of night-riding fame,
A casual observer might think him quite tame;
But after taps when all noise subsides
He gets dynamite and then out he rides.

L is for Liniment of which so much is used,
When in Football and other sports we get so bruised;
Some may think it unimportant but they don't know—
Let them get a "charlie-horse" and see if they think so.

M is for Matthews, a debater of fame,
Who always makes his opponent feel tame,
He argues and argues his point around,
Till he finally triumphs and the other goes down.

N is for Nalle better known as "Bill,"
Who hails from the height of some Culpeper hill,
One of the "stars" in the Virgil class,
Here's hoping he and all will pass.

O is the Object for which we are here
Which alas we too often forget, I fear;
Study and recreation both have their time
And to indulge in athletics is certainly no crime.

P is for Pacheco, "Mex" sometimes called
Who occasionally gets English and Spanish balled,
A ladies' man he tries to be
But Bush succeeds better than he.

Q is for Quake that peculiar feeling,
That often o'er us comes a stealing;
As we pass back out of Major's door,
With visions of five hours or possibly more.

R means Rouse—Basil, you know,
And though small still he can crow,
To me it is indeed a wonder
How a small boy can raise such thunder.

S is Sawyer an Annapolis "plebe" soon to be
And if all the others are as good fellows as he,
Then there's no doubt about it, at some future day,
"Uncle Sam" will have a lot of officers worth their pay.

T is for Tallant, known as "little one"
Good-natured, happy and full of fun.
On the diamond, too, he bears his part
And plays ball from the very start.

U is the Umpire who though he does his best,
Gets more thunder than all the rest.
It's hard to see how he manages to stand it,
And why he doesn't get tired and quit.

V is Van Devanter the boy from across the way,
Who comes when he likes and when he doesn't, he
stays away.
A star in General History and French
But in spelling he holds down the bench.

W is Wyant who, you doubtless know,
Paid court to a lady some miles below.
If you wish to know how his feelings incline
Remember, his nickname suits him fine.

X is Xerxes a general of great fame
But Kirkpatrick and his "night-riders" put him to
shame.
He leads his band till late at night
Scattering devastation to left and right.

Y means Youell who hails from Norton,
Who for the "night-riders" does the kicking and snortin',
He showed up well on gridiron and track,
And wouldn't night ride if it wasn't for "Jack."

Z is the zeal which J. W. A. H. does always show
When calling he does start to go,
Nothing detains him, go he must,
That his success will equal his zeal, we trust. "F."

❧ ❧ ❧

Major—What is the highest form of animal life?
Cunningham, H.—The giraffe.

Mrs. Cook—Does your son show any sign of his college
training?

Mrs. Churchman—Oh, yes; he is minus a front tooth
from football.

Athletics

Officers

PRESIDENT

C. J. Churchman

TREASURER

Capt. A. C. Pole

ASSISTANT TREASURER

J. W. A. Holmes

Executive Committee

Col. T. J. Roller Capt. E. H. Hancock Major C. S. Roller, Jr.
Capt. A. C. Pole C. J. Churchman

Basket-Ball

CAPTAIN

A. C. Pole

ASSISTANT CAPTAIN

B. B. Clarkson

Baseball

CAPTAIN AND MANAGER

Major Roller

Tennis Club

PRESIDENT

Capt. A. M. Withers

TREASURER

H. A. Sawyer

General Review of the Football Season



THE football squad went to work in earnest at the beginning of school and kept it up through the entire season, under the coaching of Cpts. Hancock and Massie, who worked untiringly for the success of the team; Clarkson, Gardner and Van Devanter were the only men of last year's team who were back this year, but the new material showed up very promisingly and this caused all the men to work harder for their positions. On a whole the team was the most successful that the school has had for a number of years, which is shown by the fact that of the seven games played, A. M. A. lost only two, and one of these was principally because we did not get a square deal from the referee. In all the games A. M. A. scored sixty-nine points to her opponents eleven, and the majority of teams played were heavier both in the line and back field.



FOOTBALL TEAM

The first contest of the year was against H. H. S. in which A. M. A. made a good beginning, winning fifteen to nothing. Without a doubt Gardner did the best work at full back for A. M. A., often breaking through the whole opposing team, for long runs of eighty yards or more to the goal.

Collingwood is the best punter that has been seen on our field for some time, and often when the ball was dangerously near the goal he would put it out of danger of being crossed by sending the ball flying far down the field.

Capt. Massie in quarter always had the team under perfect control and by his good head work brought the different plays into use when they were capable of doing the most good. Clarkson at tackle was one of the strong points in the line and often got through the opposing line before their plays were fairly started. He was chosen for a guard on the All-Virginia Prep. School team.

Capt. Hancock never let any gains be made through center and was always in the midst of the push both on the offensive and defensive.

Both the ends knew their business well and were right there with the goods in cutting down the interference. Capt. Scott by his aggressive playing held his part of the line firm and was always right after the ball.

Churchman, the speedy halfback, was a strong point in the defensive work and on the offensive whenever he got away with the pig skin he was hard to stop.

The team was victorious over W. & L. second team after a hard earned game, five to nothing, and also over Eastern College at home by the same score, but when Eastern was played on their grounds they beat us, more by dirty work than better playing.

The Blue and White again met defeat, score 6 to 0, at the hands of the F. M. S. team in a hard and cleanly played contest.

The S. M. A. games proved to be much easier than any of the others, A. M. A. winning both. Score at home 32 to 0; at Staunton, 12 to 0; making a total of 44 to 0. A. M. A. played all around them both in line plunges and trick plays.

Our team was as good as any to be found in the Valley and in the opinion of many should have the championship.

To the Football Team of 1908



H, COMRADES to say goodbye is hard,
To you who struggle yard by yard,
Side by side, we tugged and inch by inch
We forged to the goal with never a flinch.

That was a jolly good crowd, wasn't it, boys?
All were common sharers of sorrows and joys.
There's something in my heart, I can't give voice to,
And moreover, follows, it comes from thinking of you.

My pen is too feeble, my intellect too shallow,
To do justice to these memories, which we will allways hallow,
But, comrades, I will try to recall in an humble way,
Some gridiron recollections of old A. M. A.

I see before me the goal posts stand,
And the team lined up, near at hand.
There's Captain Massie, quick and sure, at quarter,
And Captain Hancock holds center as firm as mortar.

There are Youell and Miller, as guards sure and steady,
And Captain Scott and Clarkson at tackle, ever ready,
For any play that may be called, to hold or hike,
These four are as good as ever came down the pike.

Van Devanter on right end is playing good ball,
And Hastie on left is stopping them all.
"Morgie" Gardner at full is playing a good game,
On carrying the ball or blocking a play, he is there just the same.

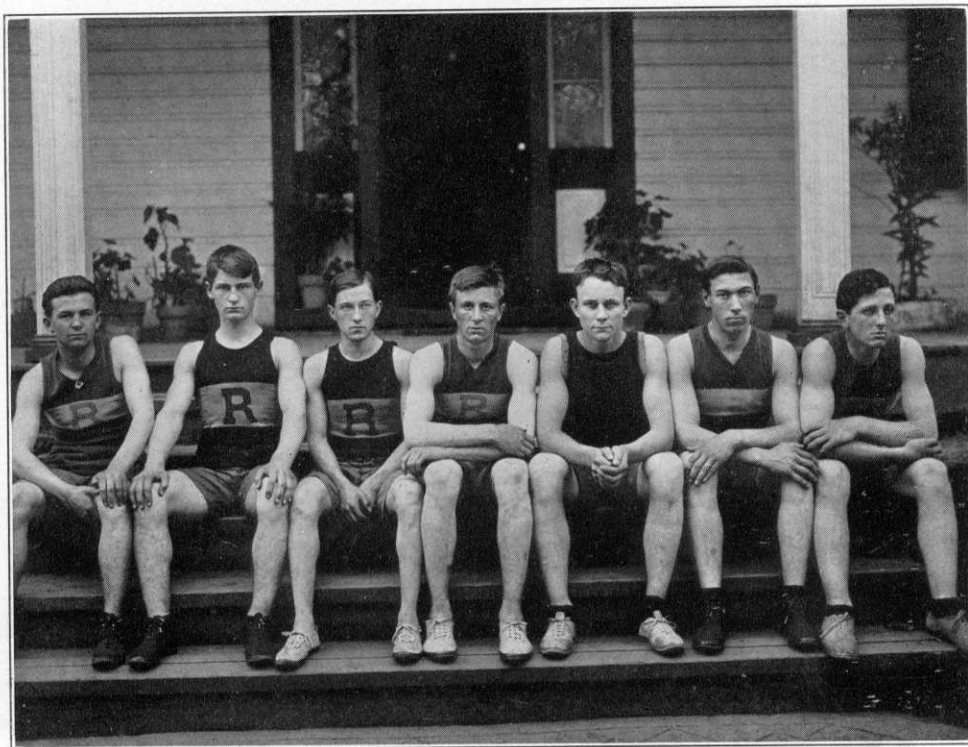
Collingwood at left half, is playing his best,
Just call for a punt and he will do the rest.
The "subs" are ready and out on the field,
If they get in, you may be certain, they will never yield.

There's Sawyer, Gallagher Smith and Howard,
Landes, Dawson, Mitchell, and no sign of a coward.
To you "subs" and second team is much honor due
We could never have gotten a team if it hadn't been for you.

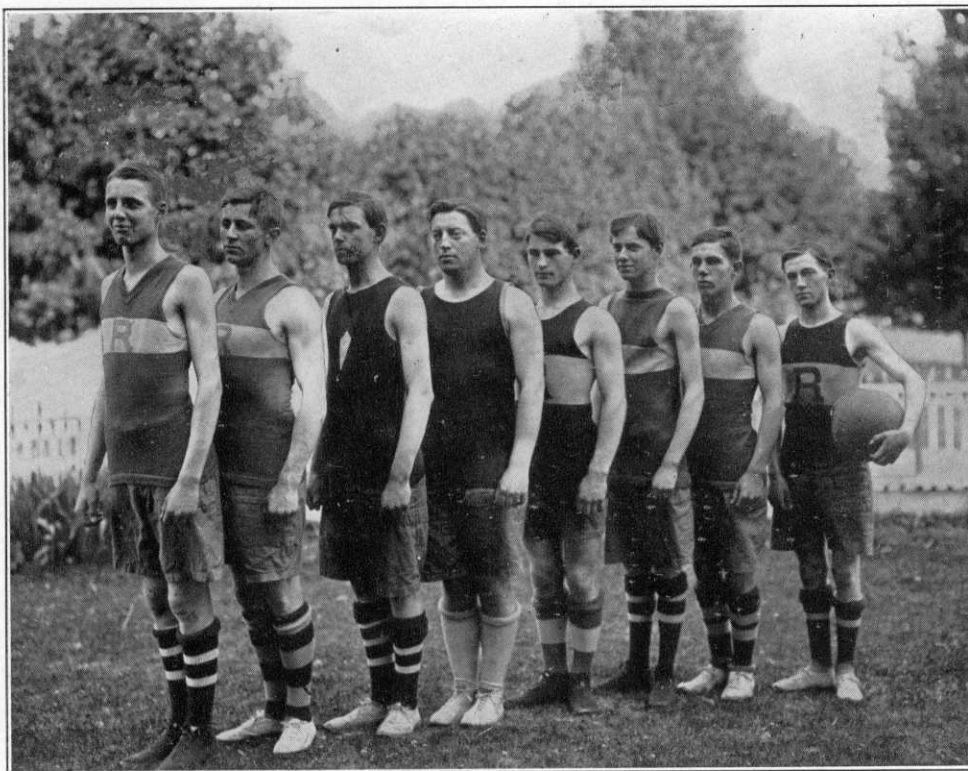
To Captain Massie's able coaching is much honor due
And also to Captain Hancock who helped him through.
Their work too was not without its reward,
For a better coached team was never met on the sward.

We all regret it but it has to be so
That we must leave here and elsewhere go
Remember, comrades, you who return,
That though separated our zeal for the team does turn.

Then it's up to you to work hard and do your best,
To turn out a team better than all the rest.
That our love to each other and the school will ever be true,
Is the wish and purpose of one, who, behind the line, wore the white
and blue.



TRACK TEAM



BASKET-BALL TEAM

Review of Basket-Ball Season

The Basket-Ball season of the A. M. A. team opened on the first of December. Our boys played straight, clean ball and were exceptionally fast, but they ran up against teams which seemed just a little faster.

Clarkson at centre, played a brilliant game all the season and was the star of the team. He was a fine goal shot and scored more points than any other man on the team.

Pole, our Captain, at left forward, played a good game. He was a little light but made up for that by his quickness. He came next to Clarkson in goal shooting.

Collingwood, at left guard, did fine work and gave his opponents a pretty hard run.

Churchman, at right guard, was also a star performer. In every game he showed up magnificently in the way he would block his opponents.

Dewitt, at guard, also played a good game and if he had not been out of the game on account of sickness, he would have been one of our best guards.

Gardner, at guard, played a good game also. He was used to some of the teams we ran up against, as he was a last year's team man.

Landes, at left forward, played a good game and was very consistent in his goal shooting. He was out of the game for about a month on account of being at home, but he soon got into the game after he returned and continued his good work.

Hancock, at forward, also played a strong game and if he tried it another year, would make a star player.

All through the season the boys helped us out and if it had not been for their school spirit we would not have been able to do a thing. Many times the second team would give the first a good scare, and at all times gave them good practice, without which no team can develop. On the whole there is no one who has a knock against our basket-ball team of 1909.

Baseball

At the first of the year it seemed that baseball prospects would be very poor as very few of the old men returned and we did not know how the new men would show up. When we started practice, however, we found that they were all right and that the team of 1909 would by no means be a "slouch." We ran against some good teams and some of the scores were pretty large against us, but we got some of our own just as large and came out above board having sixty points to our opponents fifty-five. Our batting average was considerably lowered by the Fishburne games. These also helped to pile up the score against us. We ran against some very strong teams, however, and on the whole the team made a very creditable showing and one of which we are proud.

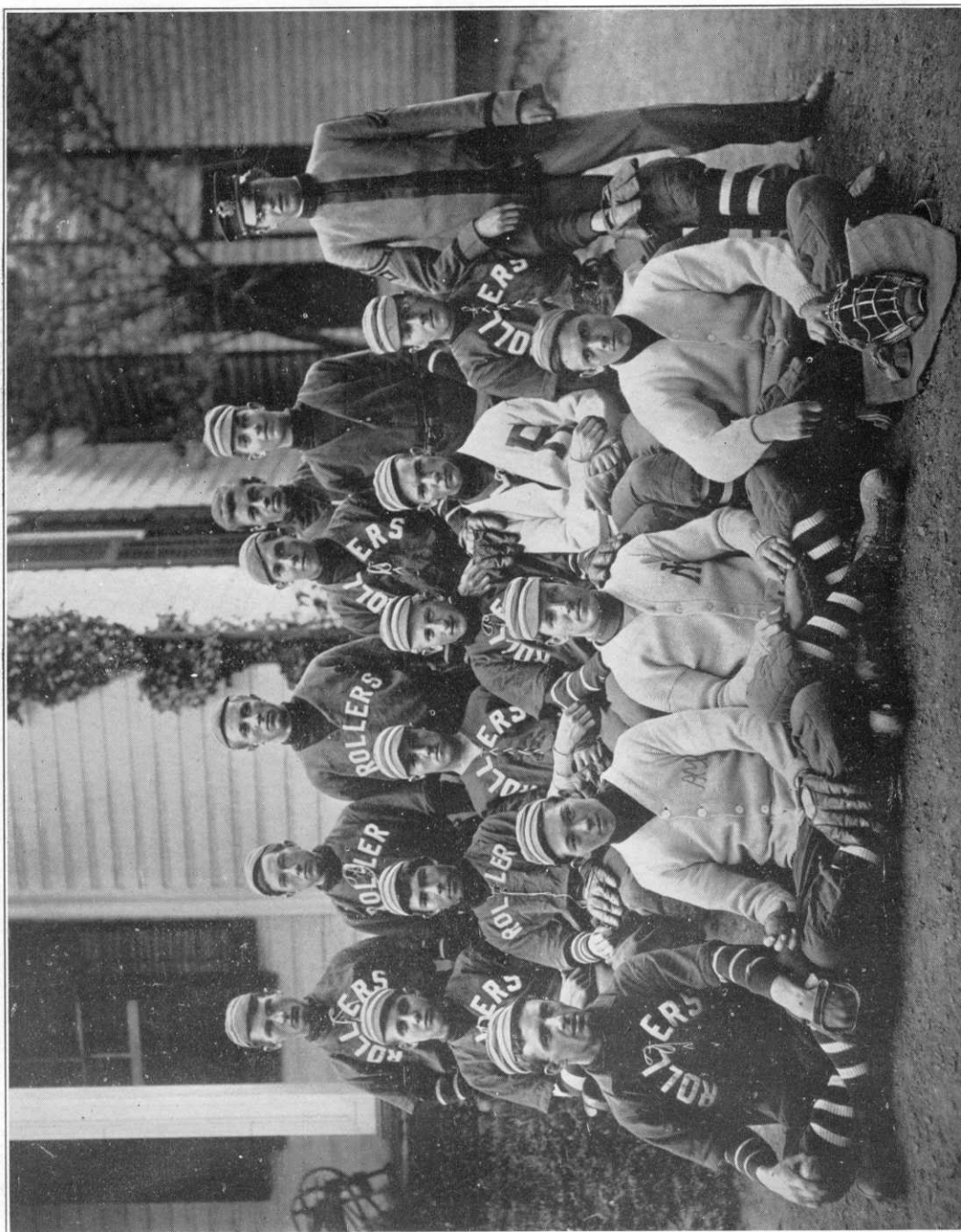
Major Roller caught the majority of games for us and played his old time game or, in other words, an excellent one. He possesses the confidence of the team and that counts a whole lot. Major is one of those cool, steady players who also plays with life and snap. He also knows a few things about the art of handling the stick.

Capt. Withers, one of our star performers in the box, showed up well. He possessed both speed and curves and on more than one occasion proved to be a very difficult proposition, indeed, for our opponents. He used good head work and also did some nice work with the stick. He has a few big "leaguers" to his credit who scarcely ever "fanned" before.

Tallant, M., was our other performer in the box and he, too, was a star. Owing to the fact that he injured his arm throwing early in the season he was not as good for a while as he would have been but his arm finally got better and he proved himself to be a twirler worth watching. He played his position well, always keeping cool and pulled himself out of more than one difficult hole.

Landes is also a fine catcher and knows how to use his head; by another year he will be about as good as they come in the prep. school line. We considered ourselves very fortunate in having him to take Major Roller's place when he was not able to play and he always came up to our expectations.

Gallagher on short stop is one of those born baseball players who knows the game from start to finish. John



BASEBALL TEAM

played a good, steady game and on several occasions took in in some balls that seemed gone for certain. We felt pretty certain when a ball went in his direction that the runner was destined never to reach first.

Collingwood, on first base, is about as good as they come. His errors were few indeed while his good plays are far too numerous to mention. There were very few balls that ever went by first, whether thrown or batted, and he was by no means a poor stick artist.

Tallant, A., on second is, well to use a little slang, "a ball playing trick." He is good any way you take him and is one of our surest and most consistent batters. The man that put one through him generally deserved a hit. A year or two more will see him among the best, if he keeps up his present work.

Hastie was substitute second baseman and was by no means a poor one. He was all right on stopping grounders and on the whole his playing was characterized by good steady work.

Carter on third is in the A No. 1 class. He is certainly among the best. He plays his position well, is good on fielding up bunts and grounders and has a good, sure "wing." He did some fine work with the willow on more than one occasion.

Clarkson in left field played a good consistent game the whole season, making some fine catches and very few errors. His throws from left field to the plate are about as good as they get, and he wielded the stick with no little success.

Pole in center field played a good, steady game and was unusually good in pulling down flies. He did some very pretty work and made very few errors. He backed up second well and very few grounders went through him.

Churchman played in the right garden and no one covered more ground than he or was more faithful in practice. His great speed made him a dangerous man on the bases. He was never sour or sore, played clean ball and never lost his head.

The substitutes were Hastie and Landes, who have been mentioned and Leonard, McCormick, J., Smith and Stout.

"F."

A. M. A. wins from Weyers Cave Athletic Club, 15 to 1

The Blue and White was once more borne to victory when A. M. A. won from Weyers Cave Athletic Club by the score of 15 to 1.

In the first inning A. M. A's. whole team went to the bat once and some of the players twice. By the good stick work of all hands ten runs were scored in this inning. By an error in the sixth Weyer's Cave scored one run which was the only one they were allowed to make.

The A. M. A. boys worked steadily together and the team went to pieces very little. Col. Roller's curves were too much for the Weyer's Cave contingent, they getting only three singles.

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
A. M. A.	10	1	0	2	0	0	1	1	0	15	12	2
W. C. A. C.	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	3	5

SUMMARY

Sacrifice hits—Tallant, A.; stolen bases—Roller, C. S., 1, Gallagher, 1, Tallant, A., 2, Roller, T. J., 2, Clarkson, 1, Pole, 3, Smith, 1; base on balls off—Col. Roller, 4, Level, 2; hits off—Col. Roller, 3, Levell, 12; two-base hits—Gallagher, Roller, T. J., Clarkson; three-base hits—Col. Roller, 1.



A. M. A., 2; F. M. S., 9

On May 1st, the home team suffered defeat at the hands of the Fishburne nine after a hard fought game on our part.

Roller's went to bat first but were unable to do any effective work with the stick against Fishburne's pitcher, Efrid, J.

In the second inning Cannon got a safe hit and scored a run for F. M. S.

By getting hits when they needed them and by the fine fielding the Fishburne team forged slowly ahead until the eighth inning when our team braced up and determined that it should not be a shut out game, making two runs. In this inning, Collingwood came to bat first but did not get to first base. Clarkson came along with a nice little hit and by

some good base running stole second and third. Pole got a base on balls, stealing second and both crossed the home plate by using some good head work in base running.

Capt. Withers did the twirling for A. M. A. in his usual fine style, striking out ten men.

A. M. A. Made four errors to Fishburne's three.

The whole team played a good game and the defeat was by no means due to bad playing, but it must be considered that F. M. S. has two of the best pitchers in the State.

SUMMARY

Earned runs—A. M. A., 0, F. M. S., 4; stolen bases—Clarkson 2, Polk 2, Efird, W. 1, Talbott 1, Brand 1; base on balls—off Capt. Withers 1, Efird 0; struck out—by Capt. Withers 10, Efird 15; hit by pitcher—Kirk; errors—A. M. A. 4, F. M. S. 3.

SCORE									
Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
A. M. A.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0
F. M. S.	0	1	1	0	2	0	0	2	3

Umpire Major Hudgins of F. M. S.



A. M. A., 6; R. M. A., 2

On May 3d, the A. M. A. team met and defeated the R. M. A. team on the home grounds by the above score.

The afternoon was cloudy and slightly windy, which made it hard for the fielders to judge the balls.

The whole team worked together well and did not allow our opponents to score until the ninth inning.

Tallant, M., pitched a fine game and did not allow but four hits. Carter and Gallagher at third and short played their positions in fine style and handled everything that came their way. Landes also caught a steady game behind the bat. The batting work done by A. M. A.'s team was exceptionally good.

A. M. A.		AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Roller,	cf	4	1	1	0	0	0
Gallagher,	ss	5	0	0	1	2	0
Collingwood,	1b	5	0	2	16	2	1
Clarkson,	lf	5	1	3	0	0	0
Churchman,	rf	4	1	0	0	0	0
Carter,	3b	2	2	1	0	2	0
Landes,	c	3	1	1	9	0	0

Hastie,	2b	1	0	0	0	1	2
Tallant, M.	p	3	0	0	0	10	0
*Leonard,	cf	1	0	0	0	0	0
*Tallant, A.	3b	1	0	1	1	2	0
		—	—	—	—	—	—
TOTAL		34	6	9	27	19	3

*Went in game in eighth inning.

R. M. A.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Kililer,	ss	4	0	0	0	1
Briggs,	c	4	0	2	8	0
Winborne,	p	4	0	0	3	9
Elliot,	3b	3	1	1	0	1
Garett,	lf	4	1	1	0	0
Smith,	cf	4	0	0	1	0
Malville,	2b	3	0	0	0	0
Bradford,	rf	4	0	0	1	0
Legge,	1b	2	0	0	14	2
		—	—	—	—	—
TOTAL		32	2	4	27	13

SUMMARY

Sacrifice hits—Churchman, Landes, Tallant, M.; stolen bases—Roller 1, Collingwood 1, Clarkson 1, Churchman 1, Carter 3; base on balls—off Tallant, M., 3, Winborne 1; Hits—off Winborne 9, Tallant, M. 5; hit by pitcher—Hastie, Carter; two-base hits—Briggs; errors—A. M. A. 3, R. M. A. 5.

Umpire—Magee.



A. M. A. 3; vs. S. M. A. 4

12 Innings

The S. M. A. gang came down the pike and took our scalp. The game was fast and snappy and although there were a good many errors on each side, they were so scattered that they were not noticeable. Gallagher and Collingwood were the stars for A. M. A., while Maxwell and Barrows were the stars for S. M. A. The score was three to one until the eighth inning, when our boys brought in two runs, tying the score. It continued that up till the twelfth inning, when S. M. A. scored the winning run. The score was four to three at the end of the twelfth inning. This was the most sensational game seen on our diamond in years.

A. M. A.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Gallagher,	ss	5	0	0	8	4
Tallant, A.	2b	5	0	1	2	1
Collingwood,	1b	5	0	1	11	2
Clarkson,	lf	3	1	0	0	0
Stout,	c	2	0	0	0	0

Pole,	cf	2	1	0	0	0	0
Churchman,	rf	4	1	1	1	0	1
Carter,	3b	4	0	0	1	0	2
Withers,	p	4	0	2	1	3	2
*Landes,	c	2	0	0	12	3	0
TOTAL		36	3	5	36	13	8

*Went in game in fifth inning.

S. M. A.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Moore, J.	2b	6	0	1	2	3
Villapigue,	rf	6	0	0	1	0
Maxwell,	lf	5	1	2	2	0
Briggs,	3b	5	0	2	1	1
George,	1b	5	0	0	16	0
Barrows,	ss	5	0	1	1	5
Grief, M.	p	5	1	2	0	3
Kinsey,	c	5	1	1	13	2
Hardesty,	cf	5	1	1	0	1
TOTAL		47	4	10	36	15

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
A. M. A.	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	2	0	0	0	0
S. M. A.	0	0	1	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	1

SUMMARY

Sacrifice hits—Clarkson, Pole, Withers; stolen bases—Villapigue; base on balls—by Grief, Clarkson, Pole; struck out; Capt. Withers, 12, Grief 13; hits—off Capt. Withers 9, Grief 5; hit by pitcher—Gallagher; two-base hits—Withers, Grief, Briggs.

Umpire—Mr. Shreckhise.



A. M. A. 7 ; vs. S. M. A. 4

AT STAUNTON

The game started at three-thirty on Monday, May 17th. There was a good enthusiastic crowd and all the way through the game was snappy and fast.

PLAY BY INNINGS:

1st inning—Major Roller came to the bat and flied out to catcher; Gallagher came up next and fanned; Tallant, A. grounded to pitcher and was out at first.

Moore, J. for Staunton, grounded to Tallant, A., and was out at first; Villapigue struck out; Maxwell came to the bat and hit for two sacks; George then hit for three sacks and Maxwell scored. Briggs grounded to Collingwood and was out at first.

2d inning—Collingwood grounded to second and was put out at first. Clarkson hit safe for one sack, stole second and was put out trying to steal third. Pole struck out. Hardesty hit for one sack, advanced to second on Grief's sacrifice. Barrows struck out, Hardesty staying at second. Kinsey struck out and the side was retired.

3d inning—Churchman flied to right field and was out. Carter struck out and Tallant, M. flied out to Moore on second.

Moore flied to catcher and was out. Villapigue hit for one sack and was put out, stealing second. Maxwell got on base by an error. George flied out to right field.

4th inning—Major Roller got to first on an error, stole second and then third. Gallagher sacrificed and Major Roller came home, Gallagher going out at first. Tallant, A. hit to left for one sack, stole second and third and scored on Moore's error, on Collingwood's grounder, Collingwood going to first, stole second and third and scored on Barrow's error, on Clarkson's grounder, Clarkson going safe to first, Clarkson stole second and third and scored on Churchman's hit to right. The next two men were struck out and the side was retired. Hardesty came to the bat and struck out. The other two men were retired in fast style.

5th inning—Major Roller hit for three sacks. Gallagher flied out. Tallant, A., sacrificed Major Roller home on a long fly to centre. Collingwood grounded out to first. For S. M. A. Kinsey hit for one base and was put out stealing third; Moore and Villipigue struck out.

6th inning—Clarkson flied out to center field. Pole flied out to third base. Churchman got to first on pitcher's error. Carter flied out. Maxwell hit for two sacks. George out from pitcher to first. Briggs flied out to catcher. Hardesty struck out.

7th inning—Major Roller walked, stole second and third scoring on Gallagher's sacrifice. Gallagher out at first. Tallant, A., safe on first by short stop's error, out at second. Tallant, M., flied to third base. Greif hit for one sack. Barrows out, catcher to first. Kinsey out, pitcher to first base. Moore same.

8th inning—Collingwood out, pitcher to first. Clarkson out at first base. Pole flied out to short stop. Villipigue out, second to first. Maxwell hit for two sacks, stole third and scored on George's hit. George stole second and third, scored on Brigg's sacrifice. Hardesty out, catcher to first. Greif struck out.

9th inning—Churchman out, pitcher to first base. Carter out, short stop to first base. Tallant, M., out, third to first. Barrows struck out. Kinsey flied out to center field. Moore flied out to Gallagher.

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
A. M. A.	0	1	0	5	1	0	0	0	0	7	4	5
S. M. A.	1	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	4	9	8



A. M. A. 6; vs. S. M. A. 5

On May 24th the series of four games between Roller's and Kable's was completed. A. M. A. winning three of them and S. M. A. one, after a closely fought game of twelve innings. During the week before the game, the diamond was too wet for practice and neither team played as well as usual.

Tallant, M. pitched a fine game for us and Major Roller caught in his usual fine style.

First inning: Major Roller hit by ball and takes second on Gallagher's sacrifice. Tallant, A. hits grounder to first, Major Roller scoring.

Moore out at first base. Villapigue gets to first on Tallant, A.'s error. Maxwell out at first. George gets safe on an error, Villapigue and George scoring.

Second inning. Clarkson hit by ball, advances on Pole's sacrifice. Churchman also hit by ball. Carter out by fly to third, Clarkson scoring. Barrows out, grounder to second.

Kinsey out fly to first baseman. Moore gets a hit but Villapigue is out at first.

Third inning: First three men on both sides out.

Fourth inning: Tallant, A. hits the ball out for two sacks and Collingwood follows suit. Clarkson gets a single, and makes second on catcher's error. Pole makes first and is advanced by Churchman's sacrifice. Carter and Tallant, M. out, Tallant, A., Collingwood, Clarkson and Pole scoring.

Grief gets base on balls advances on Barrow's sacrifice and scores on Kinsey's hit.

Fifth inning: Major Roller leads off with a two bagger, but after this the fifth was a repetition of the third inning.

Sixth inning: Clarkson out at first, Pole same. Churchman walks, steals second and third. Carter strikes out. No score.

Briggs makes single, purloins second and third. Hardesty and Grief strike out. Barrows flies out to first baseman.

Seventh inning: No hits or runs.

Eighth inning: Tallant, A. flies out to right field. Collingwood, hits grounder to short stop but is caught at first. Clarkson flies out to second.

Maxwell gets to first, and takes second on George's single. Briggs hits out for a three bagger but is out at third. Maxwell and George scoring. Hardesty strikes out and Grief out at first.

Ninth inning: Pole hit by ball. Churchman flies out to second. Pole steals second and third. Carter strikes out. Tallant, M. flies out to short.

S. M. A.'s first three men down.

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
A. M. A.	1	1	0	4	0	0	0	0	0-6	4	5	
S. M. A.	2	0	0	1	0	0	0	2	0-5	5	3	

SUMMARY

Struck out—by Tallant, M. 8, by Grief 7; base on balls—Grief 1, Tallant 1; sacrifice hits—Gallagher 2, Pole 1, Churchman 1, Barrows 1; stolen bases—Roller 1, Pole 2, Churchman 2, Briggs 2.

Umpire, Mr. Kelly Timberlake.

*The Baseball Teams' Batting Average**

	Games played	Average
Roller, T. J.	1	.500
Tallant, A.	12	.306
McCormick, J.	1	.250
Clarkson	11	.238
Roller, C. S.	9	.229
Withers	6	.200
Carter	12	.171
Collingwood	12	.149
Landes	5	.133
Churchman	7	.125
Gallagher	12	.102
Pole	10	.097
Tallant, M.	7	.095
Hastie	7	.059
Leonard	2	.000

Tallant, A. is really first and Clarkson second.

*Smith not at bat.

One game was played after this was compiled.

Annual Voting Contest



Each year in May a voting is held in which the whole School participate. Great interest is manifested over the results of this election for, in a manner, it gives a true history of some of the individual characteristics of different members of the Corps. The questions were as follows :

- 1 Clarkson won the "most popular" Cadet over Churchman by three votes.
- 2 The "most handsome" Cadet goes to Sawyer.
- 3 Leonard wins by a large majority "the most polite" Cadet.
- 4 Kibler is the "smartest" with Hastie second.
- 5 The "wittest" Cadet goes to Gallagher, who beats Talant, A., Churchman and Howard only by one vote.
- 6 Tucker Cook wins easily "the best student" with Leonard second.
- 7 The "poorest student" goes to Stocker, but there were thirteen other candidates for this unsought-for honor.
- 8 Magee has little opposition for "the greatest sport."
- 9 Weidman and Gallagher, the two Pittsburghers, run neck and neck for "having the most brass" but the former wins by one vote.
- 10 "Teddy" Waters easily wins "having the most school spirit."
- 11 Smith is the "largest eater," with Matthews and Magee second.
- 12 Howard beats Kirkpatrick by three votes for having "the largest foot" but it is claimed that by actual measurement "Kirk" wins.
- 13 For "the greatest ladies' man" Holmes wins by the largest vote polled in the whole contest.
- 14 Matthews easily wins the honor of being "the best debater"
- 15 The "best drilled private in A Company" goes to Talant, M.
- 16 The "best drilled private in B Company" goes to Collingwood, with Youell a close second.
- 17 The "best drilled private in the battalion" goes to Talant, M.

- 18 The "best officer in A Company" is Sterrett.
- 19 The "best officer in B Company" is Cook.
- 20 The "best officer in the Battalion" is Cook, with Sterrett and Churchman second.
- 21 The "most popular officer" goes to Clarkson.
- 22 The "best football player" is Clarkson, with Gardner second.
- 23 The "best basket-ball player" is Clarkson.
- 24 The "best baseball player" is Gallagher, Collingwood second.
- 25 The "best tennis player" is Magee.
- 26 The "best trackman" goes to Churchman with Clarkson a close second.
- 27 The "best all-around athlete" goes to Clarkson with all the votes except four.
- 28 Howard is the "best dancer" with Pole a close second.
- 29 Pole is the "most graceful."
- 30 Stout beats Kirkpatrick by two votes for the "most awkward."
- 31 Churchman wins over Howard for the "best editor on the BAYONET Staff."
- 32 Hastie wins the "laziest Cadet" out of a field of eleven candidates.
- 33 Cook beats Fleming by only two votes for the "most industrious Cadet."
- 34 James Stout is the "best natured Cadet."
- 35 Bush, Alexander, W., Youell and Waters, T., all have the same vote for the "most contented Cadet."
- 36 Gallagher easily wins the "biggest bum."
- 37 Bennett is the "greenest."
- 38 Clarkson has the "most grit," with Tallant, A., second.
- 39 The most "swell head" goes to Pole, with Nalle second.
- 40 The "hardest smoker" easily goes to Pacheco.

Kirkpatrick had the honor of being a candidate for thirty-one out of the forty places in the Contest.



Collingwood—What did they make the head of the statue of liberty eleven inches long for?

Hastie—If they had made it twelve inches it would have been a foot.

Drill



IT'S drill, drill, drill, all the weary day,
And sometimes it seems we will drill away,
With Butt's Manual, regular drill and dress parade,
We get mostly sun and very little shade.

We keep it up, whether the weather is cool or hot,
And it doesn't matter whether we like it or not.
Our feet get tired and our shoulders sore,
Then we trifle and drag, more and more.

But it is all to no purpose for the very next day
Major wants to know why, and there's nothing to say
When we pass out that fatal door,
We can see visions of guard duty going before.

The would-be vision, alas! comes true,
And then we find before we get through
Walking, that it is not the best kind of fun,
To get on the lower side of a Springfield gun.

"F."



A. M. A. Directory

Alexander, W. Wallace, Rockwood P. O., Ontario, Canada. Private "B" Co. "Alec."

Bell, Jackson W., Box 671, Bluefield, W. Va. Private "A" Co. "Ladies man."

Bennet, Tracy Degraff, The Stanhope, Cor. N. J. and H Streets, Washington, D. C. Private "B" Co. "Trixie" "Ikey."

Borden, Roy J., New Hope, Va., Sergeant "B" Co.

Barker, Oscar B., Lynchburg, Va. Private "B" Co.

Bush, Wolf, 1305 E. Street Washington, D. C. Private "A" Co. "Himmie."

Clarkson, B. Blandy, Millboro, Va., 1st Lieutenant "A" Co., Football, assistant Captain Basket-ball, Baseball, Track team, BAYONET Staff and Sergeant-at-arms Literary Society "Reuben," "Blinks."

Collingwood, Wm. Hall, 1163 Market Street, Wheeling, W. Va., Private "B" Co. Football, Basket-ball, Baseball, "Skinny," "Rottenwood," "Lanky," "Disconnected,"

Cunningham, Hobart, Box 4, Parsons, W. Va. Private "B" Co.

Cunningham, Neil, Box No. 4, Parsons, W. Va. Private "B" Co.

Cook, J. Tucker, R. F. D. No. 2, Swoope, Va. Captain "B" Co. "Reverend Tucker."

Churchman, Charles J., R. F. D. No. 2, Staunton, Va. Adjutant, Football, Basket-ball, Baseball, Track Team, President Y. M. C. A., President Literary Society, Editor-in-Chief BAYONET, President Athletic Association. "Church," "Farmer."

Crickenberger, Roy, Weyer's Cave, Va. Private "B" Co.

Crickenberger, Leon, Weyer's Cave, Va. Private "B" Co.

Crickenberger, Earl, Weyer's Cave, Va. Private "A" Co.

Dawson, Harold F. W., Box 587, Pullman, Wash. Private "B" Co., Sub Football, Track Team, "Sir Daycoach."

DeWitt, Charles W., 708 Rose Street, Kalamazoo, Mich. Orderly Sergeant "B" Co., Treasurer Dancing Club, Basket-ball.

Dudley, Edwin Thomas, Craigsville, Va., Private "A" Co.

Easley, William D., Box 671, Bluefield, W. Va. Orderly Sergeant "A" Co., Treasurer Dancing Club, Sub Basket-ball, "King Take."

Fleming, Charles C., Box 576, Staunton, Va. Private "A" Co. "Goosey" "Catalogue Fiend."

Gallagher, John C., 629 Sumner Lea Street, East End, Pittsburg, Pa. Private "A" Co. Baseball, Sub Football.

Gardner, Mordica V., 1109 Smith Street, Charleston, W. Va. Sergeant "B" Co. Captain Football team, Basket-ball, "Morgie."

Gunby, John K., 308 Camden Street, Salisbury, Md. Sergeant "A" Co. "Jack", "Sandy."

Hastie, Colin C., 519 Washington Bldg., Seattle, Wash. Private "B" Co. Football. Vice President Literary Society, "Chink."

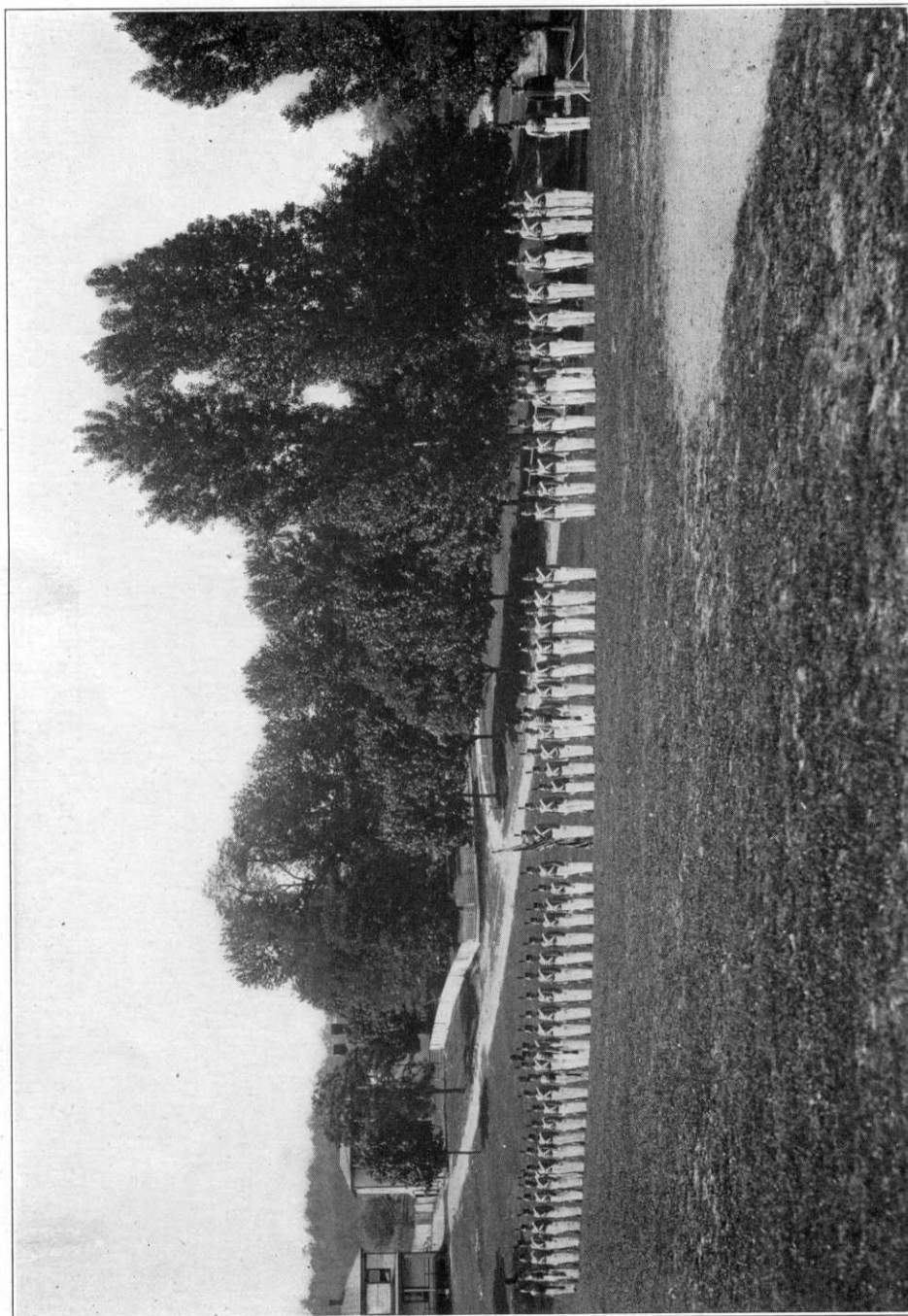
Howell, Odie R., R. F. D. No. 1, Mount Sidney, Va. Private "B" Co.

Harmon, G. Gibson, Troutville, Va. Corporal "A" Co.

Howard, Richard J., 5123 McPherson Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Corporal "B" Co., Sub Football, BAYONET Staff, Critic Literary Society, President Dancing Club, "Wobbie."

Hamilton, Frank F., R. F. D. 6 Staunton, Va. Private "B" Co. "Quailhead."

Holmes, John William Atchley, Box 171, Pulaski, Va. 2d Lieutenant "B" Co., Ass't Treasurer Athletic Association, "Pine Knot Jack," "Borenose," "The Village Beau."



BATTALION ON PARADE

Jeffries, John L., Lynnhaven Hotel, Norfolk, Va. Sergeant "B" Co. "Fatty," "Butterball".

Jordan, Claude W., Fort Defiance, Va. Private "A" Co.

Kirkpatrick, John, Lynchburg, Va. Private "B" Co., "Gollywog," "For Instance," "Dynamite Jack."

Killian, Kenneth K., Salem, Va. Sergeant "A" Co.

Kibler, Abram F., R. F. D. 6 Staunton, Va. Private "A" Co., "Kib."

Leonard, Brunswick W., 333 49 Street, Newport News, Va. Private "A" Co. "Bun."

Landes, Warrick Bell, 350 East Main Street, Staunton, Va. Private "B" Co. Sub-Football, Baseball, Basket-ball, "Lady."

McCormick, James R., Jr., Raphine, Va. Private "A" Co.

McCormick, O. Lyle, Raphine, Va. Private "A" Co.

McDonald, Irving W., Berryville, Va. Private "A" Co., "Scot."

Miller, Sidney S., Christiansburg, Va. Private "A" Co., Football. "Squinty."

Mitchell, Arthur H., Graham, Va., Sergeant "A" Co., Sub Football. "Sleepy."

Matthews, Lee C., 323 South Lowery Ave., Springfield, O., Sergeant "B" Co. "Lead Pencil Lou."

Magee, Thomas R., McArthur, O. "Maggie."

McKelvey, J. Turner, R. F. D. No. 1, Fort Defiance, Va. Private "A" Co.

Nalle, Thomas Alexander, Elkwood, Va. Orderly Sergeant "B" Co., BAYONET Staff. "Bill," "Sergeant Buzzfuzz."

Parkins, Samuel H. L., Fort Defiance, Va. Private "A" Co.

Parkins, Warden C., Fort Defiance, Va. Private "B" Co.

Parkins, Harry, Fort Defiance, Va., Private "A" Co.

Parkins, Gracon, Fort Defiance, Va. Private "A" Co.

Pacheco, Antonio Barrundia, 1st Calle del Enrico, No. 62 Santa Maria, Mexico City, Mexico. Private "B" Co.

Pole, Arminius C., Hot Springs, Va. Capt. Basket-ball, Track team, Baseball, Treasurer Y. M. C. A., Treasurer Athletics. "Noonie."

Rountree, Henry W. Jr., No. 907 Park Ave., Richmond, Va. Sergeant-Major. "Uncle Henry," "Pa."

Rountree, Russell S., No., 907 Park Ave., Richmond, Va. Corporal "A" Co. "Little Rus."

Routt, Samuel P., 320 Linz Bldg., Dallas, Tex. Private "A" Co.

Rouse, Basil B. Kayford, W. Va. Box 125, Private "A" Co. "Future ladies' man."

Sites, George, Fort Defiance, Va. Private "B" Co.

Sites, John C. Fort Defiance, Va. Private "A" Co.

Stocker, Randolph C., care of Grand Hotel, Billings, Montana. Private "B" Co.

Sawyer, Herbert Anstey, 735 19th Street Brooklyn, N. Y. 1st Lieutenant "B" Co. Sub Football, BAYONET Staff, Secretary Literary Society, Treasurer Tennis Club, "Pink" "Tom."

Smith, Charles E., 944 Government Street, Mobile, Ala. Sergeant "A" Co., Sub Football, BAYONET Staff, Sub Basketball, Sub Baseball, "Schmitz," "Dutch."

Sterrett, Tate Boys, Hot Springs, Va. Capt. "A" Co. "Pud."

Seldomridge, A. Giffin, Box 201, Spencer, W. Va. Private "B" Co. "Lonesomeridge."

Stout, James M., R. F. D. No. 4, Waynesboro. Va. Private "B" Co. "Hanover," "Teems."

Tallant, W. Alfred, Christiansburg, Va. Private "A" Co. Baseball. "Little one."

Tallant, W. Montague, Christiansburg, Va. Private "A" Co. Baseball. "Bud."

Van Deventer, James N., Jr., Fort Defiance, Va. 2d Lieutenant "A" Co. Football, BAYONET Staff. "Bounce."

Waters, Francis H. Jr., 914 N. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md. Private "B" Co. "She."

Walters, Theodore C., 914 N. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md. Private "B" Co. "Bo."

Webb, Henry S., Staunton, Va. Private "A" Co.

Welch, Wm. F., Apt. 62 Leon Gto., Mexico. Sergeant and Bugler. "Greaser."

Wyant, Frank A., Hinton, W. Va. Private "A" Co. "Sook."

Yancy, Wm. M., Culpeper, Va. Private "B" Co.
"Bingo."

Youell, Rice McNutt, Norton, Wise Co., Va. Private
"B" Co. Football, Track team. "Big one."

Lowenbach, E. R. No. 266 Market Street, Harrisonburg,
Va. Private "B" Co. "Lazy."

Carter, Curry C., Washington, Va. Private "A" Co.
"Nick."

Weidman, Robert Richard, Corner Cypress and Center
Ave., East End, Pittsburg, Pa. Private "A" Co.

Alexander, J. R., Pisgah, Augusta Co., Va.

Houchins, John L., Stuart, Patrick Co., Va.

Capt. John T. Scott, Forest Depot, Va.

Capt. A. M. Withers, Abingdon, Va.

Capt. E. H. Hancock, Appomattox, Va.



With hastening steps the days go by,
The future smiles with hope more high;
With strengthened hearts, ideals more true,
We'll at last die or do.
Yet on what distant shore we dwell,
Or fare our fortunes ill or well
Our hearts shall loyal turn forever more
To dear old nineteen nine, and to the corps.

A certain bright cadet here on being asked to write on
"Youth, Manhood and Age," wrote the following:

"In youth we look forward to the wicked things we will
do when we grow up—this is the state of innocence. In
manhood we do the wicked things that we thought of in our
youth—this is the prime of life. In old age we are sorry for
the wicked things we did in manhood—this is the time of our
dotage.

Howard says that he stopped to look in a music store
window in Staunton, and here are some of the signs he saw:

"Trust her not"—for fifty cents.

"I would not live always"—without accompaniment.

"See the conquering hero comes"—with full orchestra.

"There was a little fishermaid"—in three parts.

"The tale of a swordfish"—with many scales.

"Home, sweet home"—in A flat.



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A. C. Pole



ANOTHER year has revolved swiftly by and our Y. M. C. A. still stands better, stronger, firmer than ever before. A great deal of interest has been shown throughout the whole year and although, at times, the attendance should have been much better, yet on the whole it did very well indeed. Those who took active part were Col. T. J. Roller, Capt. A. M. Withers and Cadets Howard, Nalle, Jeffries, Leonard, Gunby and Churchman. The services held were not conducted on any elaborate program, but were plain and sincere. The singing was a very much enjoyed feature and every one joined in heartily. We became familiar with a large number of hymns and this alone is worth a great deal of good even if nothing more were accomplished, but we hope that more benefits than this were derived and that seeds have been planted in the minds of some which will, in time, spring up and bear fruit. Fellows, we will never again be together after this year, some of us will part never more to meet on this earth, but when memories of this dear old place come stealing over you, and as you dwell on the place and on the days spent here, with pleasure, do not forget the Y. M. C. A. Bear always in mind the principles it stood for and let it ever be your purpose to live so that we can all meet once more in that land where there is no parting. Let us resolve to ever be upright and honest in our dealings with our fellowmen, to ever live clean and pure lives. Let us always do whatever good we can and stretch out a helping hand to help a fellow creature, whenever needed. Let us make the world better for having lived in it; be ever unselfish towards others and follow the path of duty unswervingly no matter where it leads or what it costs. We must resolve to do right because it is right not because it pays.

Personals

Margaret (fluttering in): I'm so glad I've found you dear, I tried to call you up but Central said your 'phone was out of order.

She (weakly): I suppose it is. About an hour ago John called up father and asked him for my hand.

Recruiting Officer: Do you know anything about the drill?

Recruit: Of course, didn't I tell you I worked in a quarry for the last five years.

She (transmitter): I want 125, John.

He (receiver): Sorry, Mabel, but I haven't got a nickel; besides my name is not John.

Heiress: But, father, that handsome Count Kirkpatrick says he will do something desperate and awful if I don't marry him.

Father (dryly): He will. He will have to go to work.

The other day an amateur artist for the BAYONET was producing some rapid sketches. He drew a sketch of a hen so naturally, that when it was afterwards thrown in the waste basket it laid there.

Judge—Was Colonel Roller's auto going very fast?

Witness—Yes, your Honor, it was going so fast that the bulldog on the seat beside him looked like a dachshund.

The debate was "Resolved that women should be allowed to vote," and Mr. Gallagher was speaking:

Gallagher: What holds woman down?

Some bright lad in the rear of the hall: "Her hat."

As Anna de Brown was coming to town,

The wind caught and lifted her hat,

She gave a slight scream—with reason 'twould seem

For out bounced a monster brown rat.

Baby whimpered for a drink,
Willie filled her up with ink,
Mamma laughing at the lad
Fed the babe with a blotting pad.

—Exchange.

James Stout—Captain Scott, how long does it take the water to come down from the clouds?

Capt. Scott—Why, sir, it would depend on the height of the cloud.

A cadet was told to write a composition of 200 words, on "a man who bought an automobile." He did so as follows: "Colonel bought an automobile. He went riding in the country in it. Presently it skidded and he was thrown out. That's about fifty words I think. The other 150 words he said when walking back home and are not fit for publication."

When Peggy's arms her dog imprison,
How much I wish my fate was his'n,
And often I would stop and turn,
To get a pat from hands like her'n.

—*Exchange.*

Nalle and Holmes are neck to neck in a race for the title of "The Village Beau."

Bennett found the words "Honi soit qui mal uy pense," written on one of his papers, so he looked up the words in his Latin vocabulary and translated it as follows. "Honor with some people is as empty as my stomach is now."

Professor—Clarkson, name ten great English novelists.

Blandy—Diamond Dick, Tip Top Weekly, Nick Carter, Wild West, Jessie James, Standish, Benjamin Franklin, Ten Nights in a Bar-room, Shakespeare.

Capt. Withers—Matthews, tell me something about Sir Walter Scott.

Matthews—He bought a fine country place called Abbotsford, where he served hospitality to everyone who came there.

Bennet claims that the "palace" is a God-forsaken place. What do the rest of us think?

What is this we hear? That "Buzzfuzz" Nalle has become quite a pugilist.

Collingwood (when asked in general history to tell about Philip of Spain) said—Philip of Spain committed some of the most horrible aristocracies.

Hastie (telling about echoes out in the western mountains)—Why out there in the Cascade Mountains, it takes eight hours to hear the echo of your voice. When I camp

out there and just before I pull the blanket around me for the night, I shout out, "Time to get up" and—do you believe it? the echo wakes me up next morning.

Bill Sunday's Version

Here is the story of David and Goliath as it is said to have been recently told by the Rev. Billy Sunday, with appropriate gestures, to a rapt congregation of 8,000.

"And so David's pa comes up to him where he was working in the field and says: 'Dave, better go up to the house. Your ma's anxious about the other boys fighting in the army, hasn't heard from them by phone or anything, and she'd like you should look them up.' So Dave hops on a trolley and hikes to the front, and stays there with his brothers overnight.

"In the morning old Goliath comes out in front of the Philistines and dares the Israelites to fight him.

"'Who's that big stiff making all the big talk out there?' asks Dave.

"'Why that's the head cheese, the big noise,' says his brothers.

"'Why don't some one soak him one?' asks Dave.

"'We've all got cold feet,' says the Israelites.

"'You fellows make me tired, says Dave, and he pikes out to the brook, gets four pebbles in his shepherd's sack, slams one at Goliath and hits him in the coco between the lamps. Goliath goes to the mat takes the count and Dave pokes him in the slats, chops off his block and the whole Philistine gang skidoos."

—Selected.

A Father's Version of Football

Mr. Y.—Mr. X., your son went to Yale and played on the football team.

Mr. X.—Yes.

Mr. Y.—He played half back the first year.

Mr. X.—Yes.

Mr. Y.—Quarter back the second year.

Mr. X.—Yes.

Mr. Y.—Played full back the next two years.

Mr. X.—Yes.

Mr. Y.—Now what is he?

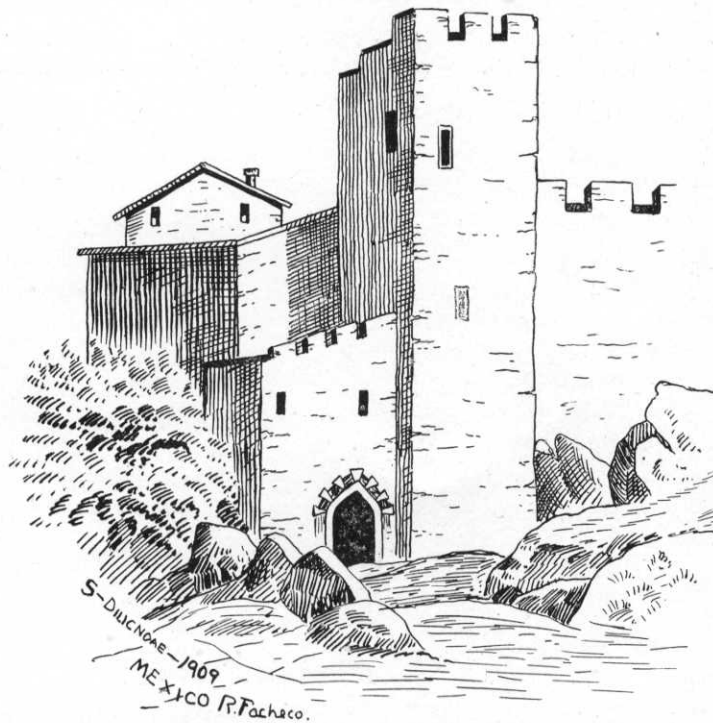
Mr. X.—Hunchback, sir.

—Exchange.

Waters, F.—Nalle, where is "B" Company's rooster book
I want to read over the roll.

"If all of us knew what all of us do,
And all of us knew that all of us knew,
Why all of us might refrain from a few
Of some of the things that all of us do."

Major Roller—Well, Mr. Fleming, you have talked a
good while without saying anything; now you are going to
walk a good while without going anywhere.



Colonel in German—Wie kommt du Herr?
Churchman—I combed it myself.

In sport he called a lemon nice,
And said he'd be the squeezer
Instead he felt like lemon ice,
And she—well, she was the freezer.

Alas! Our Willie is no more,
He drank some H 2 So 4
Alive to-day he'd surely be
If he had taken N H 3

Major—Howard, have you permission to speak?

Howard—No, sir, but I will send home for it.

Colonel in Latin sat in his chair,
His brow was marked with deep despair
“When,” quoth he, “In this horseless age
Will the pony-less student come on the stage?”

Heard in Geometry

Howard—The hypotenuse is the third and longest leg of a right angle triangle.

Capt. Scott—What is a polyedral angle?”

Sterrett—It is the opening between three or four bases.

Capt. Hancock—Mr. Howard, explain how to draw this circle.

Howard, who has been asleep—Oh—a—um—with a compass, sir.

Routt—This plane is a rectangular parrallelopiped.

“Guess Who”

As I was walking down the street,
I met a stylish boy—
His trousers were too big for him,
His cap starboard—Ahoy.

His coat was long, his collar high,
His shirt was white and clean,
His tie was red with polka dots,
His socks were Paris green.

His shoes were tan with tips shined bright,
They were of the latest style,
No doubt, was mine, that in a car,
Those shoes stretched across the aisle.

His hair was nicely “pompadoured,”
His manners he thought charming,
But dainty folks—both men and maids,
Thought clothes and boy alarming.



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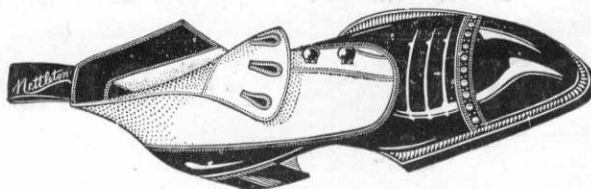
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